

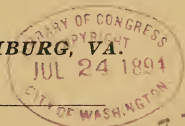
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Hunting de 'Possum an' de Coon.

A NEGRO COMEDY,
IN ONE ACT AND TWO SCENES.

BY SAM. T. SUTOR.

LYNCHBURG, VA.



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PROPERTIES.

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One live 'Possum or Coon.
Two or more dogs, well trained for 'Possums.
One tree with trick limb to break off.
One cow horn, with mouthpiece for blowing.
Two axes.
Twenty fence rails.
Two lanterns.
One sure-fire horse pistol.
One razor.
One bottle cold tea.

CAST.

Colonel Eli Gitdar, who owns de fines' daug in de State.
Major Ephraim Chickenlifter, who says *he* owns de
fines' daug in de State.
Clem Gitdar.
Lige Chickenlifter.
Bob, Pete, Bill and Silas, boys around the farm.
Capt. Lee, (white face, all the rest black), who owns the
plantation.

Yours Respectfully

Sam T. Sutor

701 Commerce st
Lynchburg Va



Hunting de 'Possum an' de Coon.

SCENE I.—COUNTRY ROAD.

Enter Eli, 1 R, with dog, singing, "Rool Jordan Rool, Rool Jordan Rool, I want to go to heaben when I die to hear Jordan Rool." Enter Ephriam, 1 L, with dog.

Eph. Hello, Eli, whar yo gwine ?

Eli. Ut-ut-ut-I'se gwine home now ; whar is yo' gwine ?

Eph. I was dis gwine down to Bill Simmon's to see if he was gwine to take a little round tonight.

Eli. Ut-ut-Yo' dis come an' go wi' me. Me an' de boys is gwine to take a big hunt tonight, an' I knows whar de big-ges kind of 'Possum is, case I see he tracks down on de branch dis maunin.

Eph. Yas, I would like to go wid yo' an' de boys, but den, Bill he got some of de fines' old moonshine what yo ever did taste, an' I allus likes to have some along, in case of snake bite.

Eli. I doan guess Bill is got much better snake medicine don dis, (*pulls bottle out of pocket*) I got dis up in de mountins las' night, (*laughs*) got more of hit home.

Eph. Dar now ! Doan yo' know I was jis' wishin' I meet wi' somebody what had some good old moonshine, an' bless de Lawd, my wish hit done come true.

Eli. Das all werry good fo' to wish, but when yo' wants a ting mighty hard, prayin' lays way over wishin' ebery time, hear me.

Eph. Sho', I doan know so much about dat, I'se done bofe, an' gits as much by wishin' as I do by prayin'.

Eli. Ut-ut ut-yo' doan pray de right way. Now let me tell yo' somfin ; De fines' pair of shoats I ebber had, I got by pravin' for.

Eph. Yo' doan say so ! Tell me about hit.

Eli. Hit was jis' fo' yars ago, come killin' time, an' I was monstrous hard up, done loss all my haugs wi' de cholera, an' dare was a white man live about a mile from me, what had de fines' lot of shoats dat yo' ever did see. Well, I wanted some of dem shoats monstrous hard, so I jis' gits on my knees an' prayed to de Lawd to send me a pair of dem shoats, but in de maunin when I look in de yard dare was no shoats dare.

Eph. Yo' might a knowed dat widout lookin'.

Eli. Ut-ut-dis yo' wait. So de nex' night I prayed agin for de Lawd to send me a pair of dem shoats, but in de maunin no shoats was dare yit.

Eph. Dis lak I tell yo'. Wishin' is de best.

Eli. Dis yo' wait, I tell yo'. So de nex' night I jis' prayed to de Lawd to SEND ME AFTER DEM SHOATS, an' in de maunin

I had two of dem shoats in de house, and de ole 'oman had done got de har offen dem an' dey was all ready to cut up. (*Laughs*) He, haw, haw,

Eph. Um-m-m. Dar, dat do settle hit, two shoats at once, um-m-m. Yas, I guess yo' is right, prayin' is better den wishin'. Two shoats at once, um-m-m.

Eli. Yas, an' what you speck. Doan yo' know dat dat fool white man come up nex' day an' ax fool questions if I seed anything of he two shoats, lak as I was gwineter tell him about de Lawd sendin' me after 'em.

Eph. Well, I better be goin', I feel kinder chilly standin' here so long.

Eli. Dat's so, hit am kinder chilly, spose we take a small dose of dis snake medicine. (*Hands bottle to Eph.*)

Eph. Doan care if I do. (*Takes a dram.*) Um, dat's mighty good lick. (*Takes another drink*)

Eli. Hol' on dar nigger, yo' doan know what a long neck yo' is got no how. (*Takes bottle from Eph. and takes a drink himself.*)

Eph. Hi! I see yo' is still got dat same ole daug, he uster be a mighty good daug.

Eli. Yas, an' he is yit. Whar yo' git dat daug yo' got?

Eph. White man gin him to me.

Eli. What's he good fo' any how?

Eph. He good fo' hunt moas anything, but he de fines' daug in de state on possum an' coons.

Eli. Ut-ut-ut yo' is way off de fence now, case everybody knows dat my daug is de best dat ebber went in de woods on possum an' coons.

Eph. Sho' you is way off, dat daug of mine can't be beat, yo' hear me.

Eli. Here nigger, doan talk dat way, case dat's fool talk, case I can catch mo' possums in one night wid dat daug of mine dan you can in a week wid yourn.

Eph. You's a fool nigger, you doan know what yo' talk about no how.

Eli. Doan yo' call me fool nigger, case I'll bus you wide open if yo' fool wid me—deed I will.

Eph. Buss who wide open; buss who wide open. I'll smack yo' down if yo' fool wid me, nigger.

Eli. Smack who down, who yo' goin to smack down anyhow.

Eph. You, dat's who. Yo' ole corn fed nigger yo.

Eli. Don't crowd me nigger, don't crowd me, (*drawing razor*) or I'll cut your libber out—deed I will.

Eph. Yo' dar come nigh me, (*draws pistol*) and I'll fill yo' fould of holes—deed I will.

Eli. Yo' low down nigger yo', yo' no account no how. Yo' aint fit fo' a decent pusson to talk to no how,

Eph. Yo', yo', yo'.

Eli. You's annudder.

Eph. Yo' aint nuffin, yo' aint.

Eli. You's annudder.

Eph. You is de lowest

Eli. You is annudder.

Eph. Down nigger

Eli. You's annudder.

Eph. Dod rot your old black hide.

Eli. You's annudder.

Eph. Dont you ebber speak

Eli. You's annudder.

Eph. To me any mo' do you' hear me (*Puts pistol in his pocket and walks off R. I.*)

Eli. You's annuddder sar, You's annudder.
(*Looks around and finds Eph. has gone.*) Dar, now dats jis like er nigger. (*Puts razor away*) don drink moas all my licker up an den raise sand wi' me, (*takes a drink*) I fix him yet, deed I will, jis let me cotch dat old nigger outen de woods some night, an' see if I doan fix him. Hi, guess I better be goin' home; dem boys will soon be dar to take dat hunt. (*Exit. Singing Rool Jordan, Rool, etc.*)

SCENE 2.—DEEP WOODS.

Moonlight. Rail fence across stage at 3. Tree down C. 2 Live 'Possum or Coon on trick limb of tree. Slow music. Horn heard in distance. Enter dogs and commence to bark. (Voices in distance and gradually growing nearer.) Hoop-ee. Talk to him! Sick him! Good dog, etc., ad libitum.

Enter Eli, G. L., back of fence with axe. Clem, G. L., back of fence with lantern. Bob, L., back of fence with horn. Pete, L., back of fence.

Enter Eph., C. R., back of fence with axe. Lige, C. R., back of fence with lantern. Bill, C. R., back of fence with horn. Silas, R., back of fence.

Eli. Dar he! Dar he! We done got him boys.

Eph. No sah! Yo' aint got him! My daug treed fust, an' dat's my possum an' I'se gwinter hab him.

Eli. You's a lie sah! My daug treed fust, (to Pete) hole dat daug. I'se gwinter hab dat possum or bust. (*Lays down axe and pulls off coat.*)

Eph. Den you'll bust (to Bill), hole dat daug Bill. I'se gwineter see who gits dat possum. (*Takes off coat.*)

Clem. Dat's our possum! Clime dat tree dad an' fotch him down.

Lige. You's a lie! Dat's our possum, go fo' him dad!

Clem. Don't yo' call me a lie nigger!

Bill. Hit him Lige!

Bob. Bust him Clem!

Cries by Pete, Silas, Bob and Bill. Dat's our possum! No it aint! Our daug treed fust! You's a fool? We's gwinter hab him, etc (*In the midst of which Eli starts to climb tree.*)

Eph. Here! Yo' nigger, come outen dat tree!

Eli. When I gits dat possum, an' not befo'.

Eph. Lige, git dat ax' an' chop dat tree down.

Eli. (*Up in the tree.*) Look a heah boy, doan yo' dar to chop dat tree.

Eph. Go on sah! Cut dat tree down!

Lige starts to cut tree, Clem grabs him and throws him down and beats him. General fight between all the boys. Eph. fires pistol at Eli. Limb breaks with Eli and possum. General scramble for possum which Eph. gets Eli draws razor and goes for Eph. Eph. starts to run but falls over the fence with Eli on top of him, and all hands climb on, and fall over the fence. Eli gets possum.

Enter Capt. Lee, 1 R,

Capt. L. Here! Here! What in thunder does all this mean. (*All hands separate and climb back over fence. Eli with possum.*)

HUNTING DE 'POSSUM AN' DE COON.

Eli. Doan care. I'se got de possum any how.

Capt. Well, that *was* a nice mess. Niggers, dogs and possum all mixed up. (*To Eph. and Eli*). Here Ephraim, Eli, tell me what is the matter with you all.

Eph. and Eli both together. My daug treed fust an' dat is my possum.

Capt. L. Never mind which dog treed first, give the possum to Bob. You know his father is too sick to hunt, and I know he would like a nice fat possum. (*Eli hands possum to Bob.*) Now you old men shake and make up, and before we separate for the night lets have that good old song, "Hole dat Possum Hard."

"HOLD DAT POSSUM HARD."

By Sutor.

Come darkies all an' shout wid glee,
Hold dat possum hard,
Cotch dat possum up dat tree,
Hold dat possum hard,
Daug he bark an' den he howl,
Hold dat possum hard,
Niggers dey yell like ole screech owl,
Hold dat possum hard.

CHORUS.

Shout on yo' niggers, shout on I say,
We done cotch dat possum, don't let he git away,
Shout on yo' darkies, shout on I say,
Hole dat possum, hole he hard, don't let he git away.

Dance.

Nigger he like dat possum meat,
Hold dat possum hard,
Roas' in de pan wid 'taters sweet,
Hold dat possum hard,
Chicken am good an' ham am fine,
Hold dat possum hard,
But possum meat jes suits my mind
Hold dat possum hard.—CHO.

CURTAIN.

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